

CUTTINGS FROM

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DATE
p35

In the words of a pioneer...

November 25, 1863: Came up with Nairn's advance party at noon on the Sherlock, took fresh horses and went five or seven miles up our side of the river and down the other. Saw an abundance of excellent feed with (I think) plenty of permanent water, but no suitable place for a homestead, as the plains are subject to very heavy inundation, probably three or four feet deep or more in places.

January 22, 1864: We brought in all the stray horses and as the river had been falling rapidly since yesterday brought them home and put them five miles down home range. Cattle all mustered at home. After a good shower, fine, cool, cloudy weather, of which we have had much of late. Most of the men attacked with dysentery lately, gave doses of laudanum and put them right.

February 1, 1864: Joe laid up with sore eyes

February 2: Self at boat and ill. Red heifer with calf broke her leg in bog.

February 3: Making splints and attending to heifer and odd work. Weather so hot men cannot work after 10am.

February 24: Carting rails. Lewington came to me and told me a native (named Mullandee) had made a most murderous attack on him with a stone axe, on the bank of the river while minding his cattle and fishing . . . 9pm—found a track of a single native (very tired) which we took to be Mullandee's . . . Waited for day to break, when sufficiently light, called out his name and told him to stop, having him under the muzzle of our guns at 10 yards. But to our great disappointment a stranger got up with a woman by his side; the man of course was much surprised and terrified while the woman, being in a perfect state of nudity, quickly arranged the very spare toilet with which Dame Nature had provided and went off.

February 25: Had breakfast and seeing signal fires eastward

started for the Sherlock River with idea of Mullandee or if disappointed in that, finding and catching Burges's black mare, Lucy, left by Gregory . . . the old mare came away from her solitude with as much pleasure as we did with her, she intends to write a sequel to "The Adventures of Robinson Crusoe."

April 17 (Sunday): Two boats came on shore, one with Mrs W (Withnell) and children, without breakfast, or a drop of water and it blazing hot, and poor little children crying for some. I told Mrs W the bullock dray was at the head of the marsh with eight gallons of water waiting for her . . . about two miles off, had a row with two of the sailors, one because he asked for water and said the women could do as well without as he. Wrote a hasty letter, got traps together put Mrs W's sister on our horse with one child and gave Mrs W my horse with bundles on to lead, so off we went, the men following with such little things as they could carry. I may here remark that the crew of the Sea Ripple which I saw were the greatest blackguards one can have any idea of, and looked more like the rakings of hell than decent sailors. I got the horses up to feed as soon as possible and the dray came in about two hours after, the whole party in much better spirits at being once more on terra firma, with plenty of water.

June 6: Two men ploughing, one at drains, self cutting steps and blocks and working about place.

June 7: Men as above, self seeking lost sheep (not those of the house of Israel) but two with lambs. Lewington came home much hurt from a severe fall with his horse.

August 5: I went to Withnells, at night, they having sent for me as they were afraid their baby would die, up most of the night.

August 6: The child being much better, came home pm.

August 23: Cutting thatch. Many natives about homestead, from their mode of proceeding

I have every reason to believe they mean mischief as they were playing with their spears in the flat.

October 22, 1865 (Sunday): Mr McLeod went to Mt Welcome and returned, having heard that the natives had speared one or two heifers. If they have they will not spear any more after I know their names.

November 18: Killed bullock (weight 850lbs) spent most of the night with T. cutting and salting meat.

November 19 (Sunday): Cleaning up and attending to meat.

November 20: Thought it was Sunday till late so only re-salted meat, sent for horse to go to station.

November 22: Went to Middleton's, on way to station. M. very ill, self also.

November 23: Too ill to travel most (of) day, went on to Grant's at sundown.

November 25, 1865: Hearing Middleton was much worse and did not expect to live, went to see him.



William Shakespeare Hall's wife, Hannah. She died at Cosack in 1911, and is buried in the cemetery there.

HALL, William Shakespeare

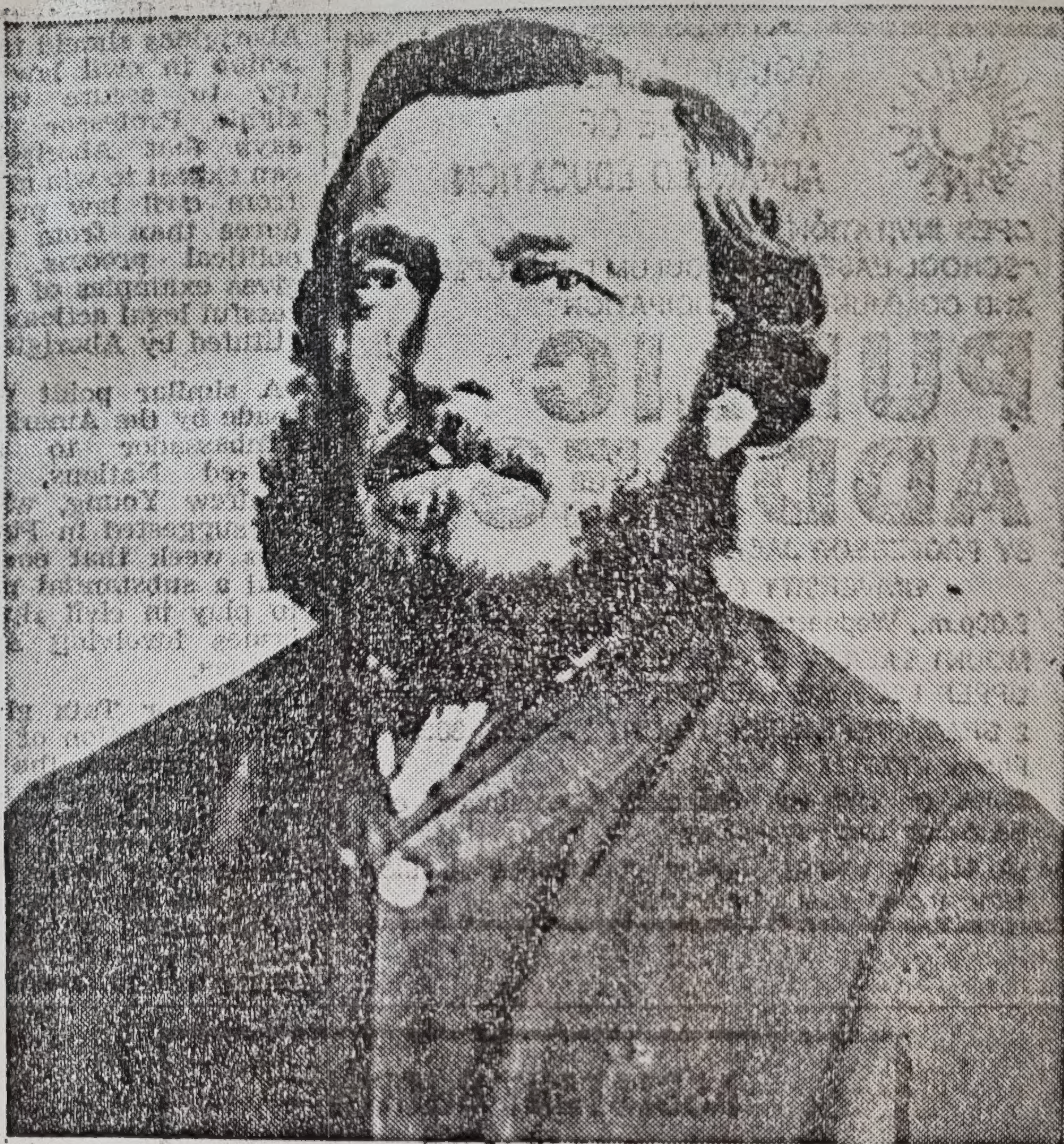
HALL, William Shakespeare

Brog

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William Shakespeare Hall's wife, Hannah. She died at Cos-sack in 1911, and is buried in the cemetery there.



William Shakespeare Hall, one of the first settlers in the North-West.

Among the men who opened up the North-West, William Shakespeare Hall typifies the best of the frontier mystique — toughness, determination, resourcefulness and generosity. Hall was born in London on Christmas Day 1825 and came to WA with his parents in February, 1830. After eight unsuccessful years on the Victorian goldfields he returned to the Swan River Colony to join Gregory's expedition to the north in 1861. Two years later he went back as a pastoralist and later turned to pearling and storekeeping. He was drowned in February 1895 after he had a heart attack while swimming in Cossack Creek. In his obituary he was described as "one of the most brilliant, upright, honest and valued lives that has ever lived amongst us." Hall's diary of his first years in the North-West gives a vivid insight into the day-to-day work of setting up a European beach-head in an ancient land.